

The Worst Demons Are Human

*Inside The Fridge or Inside
My Heart - I*

Drindalis

The Worst Demons Are Human by Drindalis

Series: Inside The Fridge or Inside My Heart [1]

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Established Relationship, Homophobic Language, Insanity, M/M, Patrick Hockstetter is His Own Warning, Patrick locks Eddie in his fridge at the dump that's basically it, Period-Typical Homophobia, Poor Eddie why do I do this to you, Richie to the rescue, Torture

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Patrick Hockstetter, Reginald "Belch" Huggins, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

One day, Patrick Hockstetter decides to lock Eddie Kaspbrak inside his refrigerator.

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Author's Note:

Just a small little fic I got the idea from while rereading IT again. Why do I write this shit...? :/
Warnings for Henry's homophobic slurs and Patrick as a whole, sorryyyyy...

It was Bowers who told him.

He grabbed Richie by the strap of his backpack and slammed him into a locker, the hallway deserting quickly. "Sup, fuckstain. Missing your little queero boyfriend?"

Richie couldn't help it, talking trash was his Achilles heel. "Well, obviously if he's my boyfriend he would be queer, wouldn't he? I know you're a couple tramps short of a trailer park but-"

A fist slammed into his stomach and cut off his insult, and he laughed through the pain.

Bowers dropped him and started to walk away, before he paused, clearly hesitant, and glanced over his shoulder.

"I'd be worried if I was you, shitstain. Patrick cornered the little fucker by the bridge on the way to class today. Haven't seen him since. Tata, dipshit."

He threw up a hand and walked away, leaving Richie to tear to his feet, a symphony of '*fuck, fuck, FUCK-*' running through his head. He didn't have time to consider Henry's sudden change of heart, if even Bowers was worried about the sudden decrease in Patrick's sanity level he needed to find Eddie like yesterday.

Beverly burst from a nearby classroom, her backpack having clearly been slashed open by a pocket knife. "Belch." She said by way of explanation, tossing it into her locker quickly and keeping up with Richie's quick pace towards the exits. "He said something about-"

"-Eddie." Bill interrupted, having similarly appeared at the top of the

nearby stairs with a black eye. "A-and Puh-Patrick. Y-yeah, Victor Cruh-Criss said th-the same thing."

Richie grit his teeth. "Has anyone seen him today?"

Bev shook her head. "Eddie or Patrick? I thought I saw someone straggle into Home Economics late, but I wasn't paying much attention. Haven't seen Eddie."

Bill swore and fumbled for his car keys, unlocking the dusty gray truck and leaping in. Beverly slid into the passenger seat and Richie leapt into the back, hands clinging to the metal sides like a lifeline.

"Where are wuh-we going?" Bill asked, starting the truck and peeling out of the parking lot as fast as he could.

Eddie was the one with the sense of direction, but Richie knew where they needed to go just as well as if Bowers had written him a map.

"The junkyard. Quickly."

Beverly paled and quickly busied herself with lighting a cigarette to hide her nervousness.

The old Chevy cruised through town, skidding through intersections and blowing past stop signs. The cop didn't even look up as they did so, they must have had the Devil's own luck.

All too soon they were at the junkyard, Bill slamming the door with dismay. "Huh-how are wuh-we gonna f-find him in a-all thuh-this shit?"

Richie didn't speak, he just ran. His feet knew the way even if his mind didn't yet. Bev and Bill shared glances and followed behind him, until they found him crouched in front of an old rusty refrigerator. It stank once you got close, of blood and old decay.

It smelt of the sewers and cotton candy.

Richie pried at the door but swore when he spotted a rusty padlock holding it closed. "Mother of FUCK-!"

He heard a choking noise from inside.

Bev, thinking quickly, pulled an old muddy roque mallet from the piles of debris and swung it at the lock. It didn't break.

"Luh-let me-?" Bill asked, taking the mallet away and giving a mighty swing.

The lock didn't break.

Richie knew Bill and Bev could take turns swinging at it for hours and it wouldn't open up-

He knew it like he knew his own Voices-

"It'll work for me."

Bill handed him the mallet and Bev wrung her hands with worry.

Richie's grip on the mallet slipped as he swung due to all the sweat on his palms, causing him to miss a direct hit.

The lock fell from the door anyways.

Bev and Bill heaved it open and there was Eddie, trembling like a rabbit caught in a snare. His wrists were duct taped together in front of him and there was blood pooling in the bottom of the fridge. He choked in a whispery gasp and Richie was pulling him out, dragging the shorter teen into his arms and cursing as he unpeeled the tape.

"Fucking Patrick, that sick twisted fuck, are you okay, Eds, oh my God I'm gonna beat his fucking ass and get him thrown in the nuthouse for this I swear, just please tell me you're okay?"

Eddie curled into Richie's touch and pressed a chaste kiss to his lips, shaking slightly in relief.

"I am now."

Author's Note:

Thanks for the love, guys! ;) Part two is on the way.